

SONNETS.

APRIL 1871

H.V.
W.R.

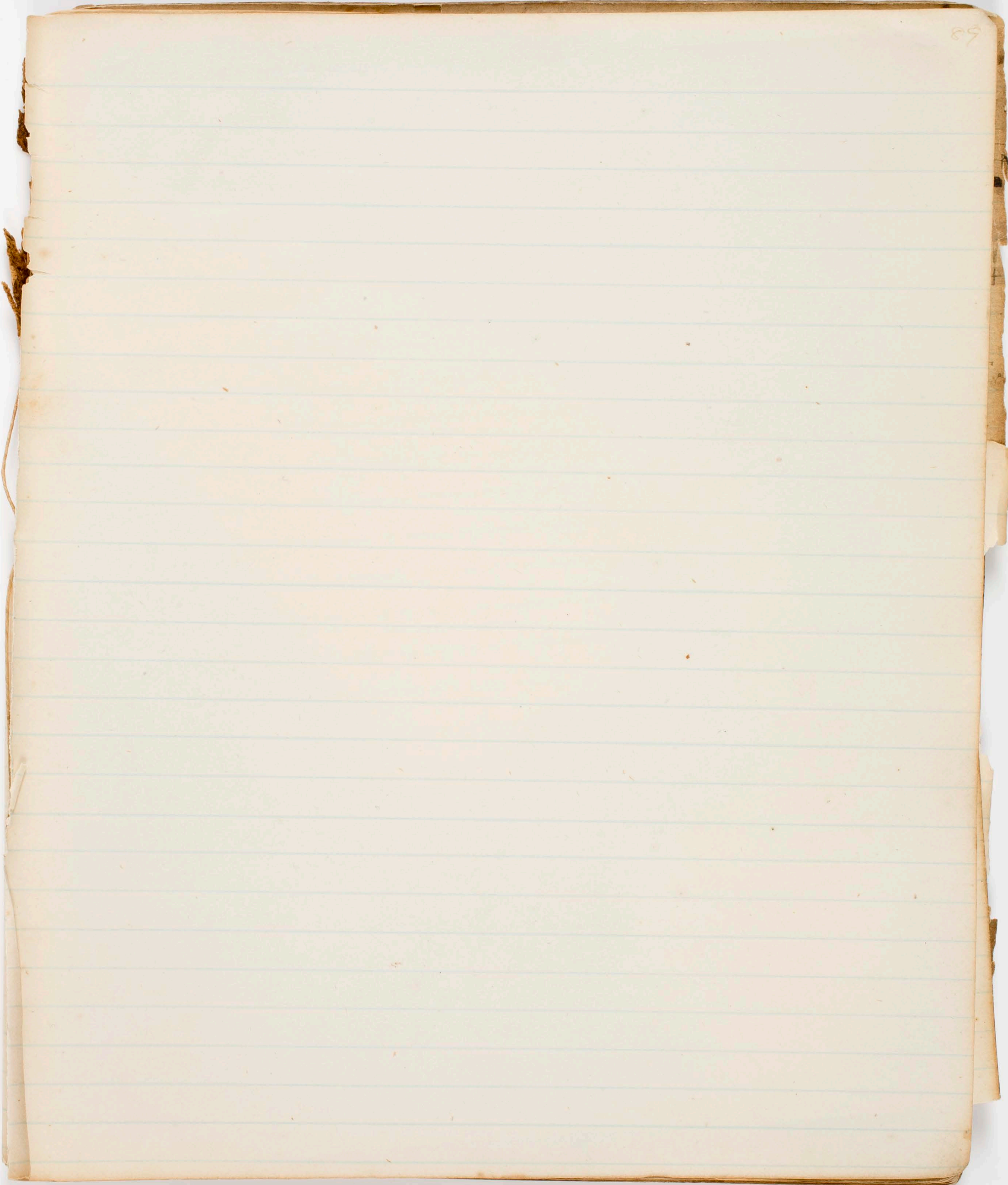
Charles C. Sanderson

Oak Hill.

Newton—

Mass.

Dec. 29th. 1866.

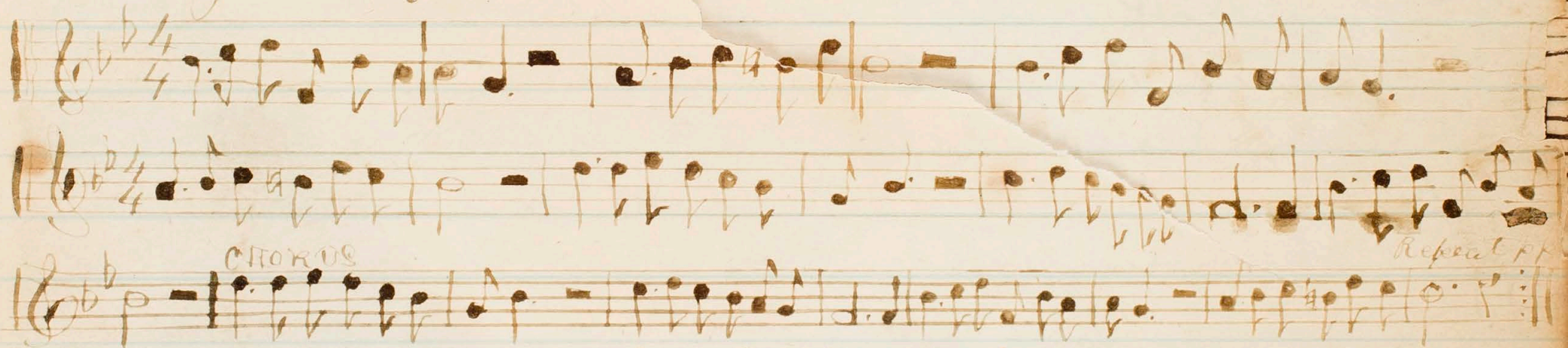


Leaving us the field of battle
Sweven with dying, and with
Oh the torture and the anguish,
That I could not follow on,
But here amid my fallen, soon
I must wait till morning dawn
Chorus

weary night shall cease;
" fearful war's deep night, brother!
hold for a morn of peace.
that Heaven may maintain our cause,
and fight the victory,
thou wish for thy return, brother!
we must a prayer for thee

Thro' the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might Chorus
True they tell us wreaths of glory
D. Overmore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only.
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now,
Sleep to day nearly fallen,
In the green and narrow bed,
Daisies & Dyinge and cypress
Mingle tears we shed. Chorus.

Just Before the Battle, Mother.



1- Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field were watching,
With the enemy in view
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with shots of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.
Chorus: Farewell Mother, you may never,
Press me to your heart again.

But O, you'll not forget me, Mother
If I'm numbered with the slain.

2. Oh I long to see you, Mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.

Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our solds
By the help they give the

3. Hark! I hear the bugled sound
'Tis the signal for the fight
Now may God protect us Mother,
As he ever does the right.
Here the "Battle Cry of Freedom"
Now it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes we'll rally round the standard
Or we'll perish nobly there. Chorus—

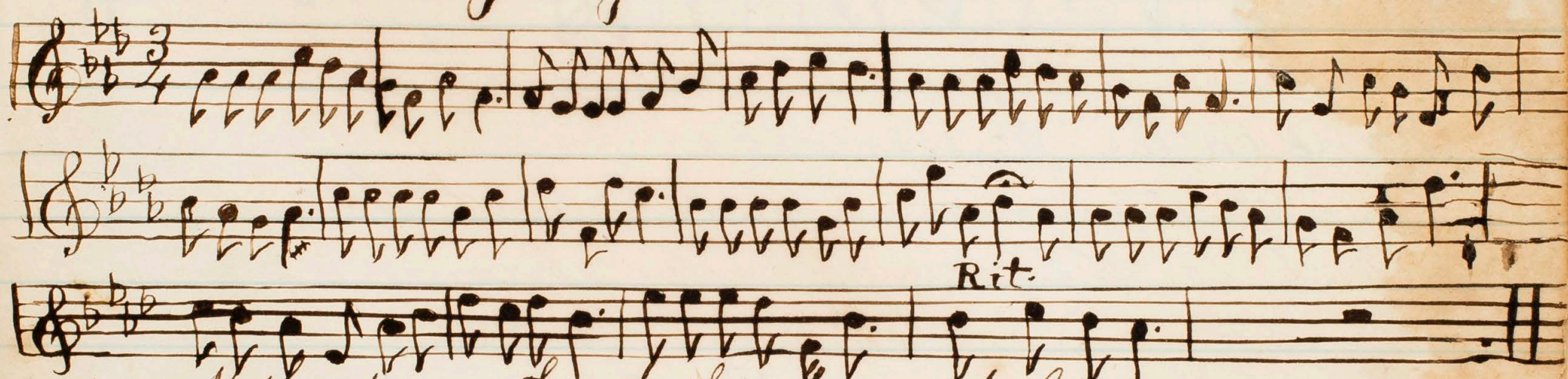
Just After the Battle.

Handwritten musical notation for the song 'Just After the Battle'. The notation is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff contains measures 1 through 8. The second staff contains measures 9 through 16. The third staff is labeled 'CHORUS' and contains measures 17 through 24. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The word 'Repeat' is written at the end of the third staff.

This copy was copied with mistakes. To avoid them
go by the numbers of the measures.

4 But ifier that glorious shall come, brother!
 When with victry the strife shall close,
 And the heroes of the war come home, brother!
 Wearing laurels upon their brows,
 O, then to see the standard in that honored band,
 Were a joy too deep for music's glee;
 And with this hope our fainting hearts will stay, brother!
 As we murmur a prayer for thee.

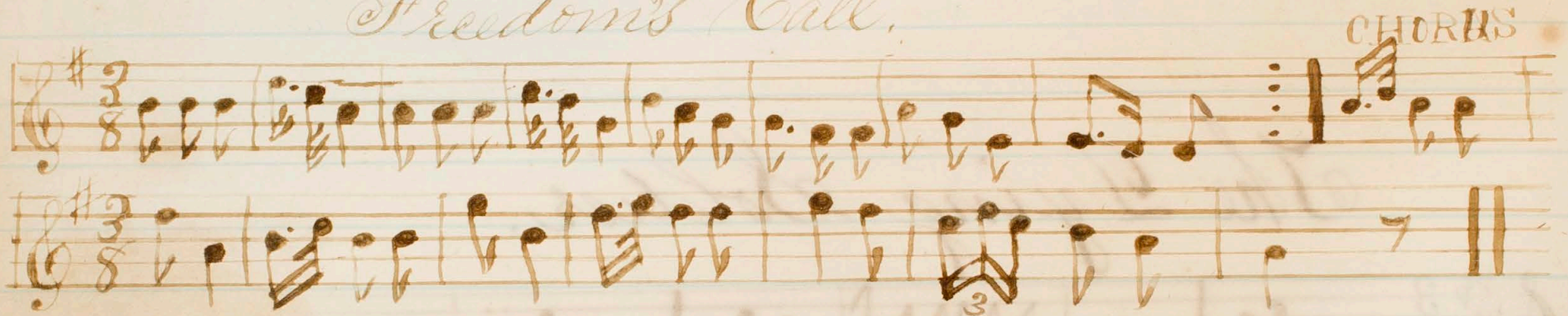
The Dying Soldier.



1 — Mother, dear mother, she has seemed long,
 Since the lark warbled his matinal song.
 Sadly the lone hours have passed since the morn;
 Darkly the moments that ne'er can return;
 No beaming hopefulness, no joyous ray,
 No cheerful sunshine to brighten my way,
 But mother, your kiss turns the darkness to light,
 Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night,
 Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night!
 2 — Mother, dear mother, I'm going for rest,
 Longing to slumber for aye with the blest.
 But when my spirit from earth-life is free,
 Still shall thy presence seem nigh unto me!

Oft shall thy parting kiss fall on my brow,
Thy tearful eyes gaze upon me as now,
And often I'll say, with the angels in white;
Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night,
Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night.

Freedom's Call.



1 - Borne on the breeze along,
Loud, clear and sweet and strong,
List to the sounding song,
Freedom is calling.
"Come hither, come!" she cries;
"Rise Freedom's children, rise,
See how the freeman flies,
How he is falling."

Chorus. Voices endearing, onward are cheering;
Hearts never fearing, bid them go forth.

2nd - Dearly we love them all,
And, at their country's call,
Oh! should they nobly fall.

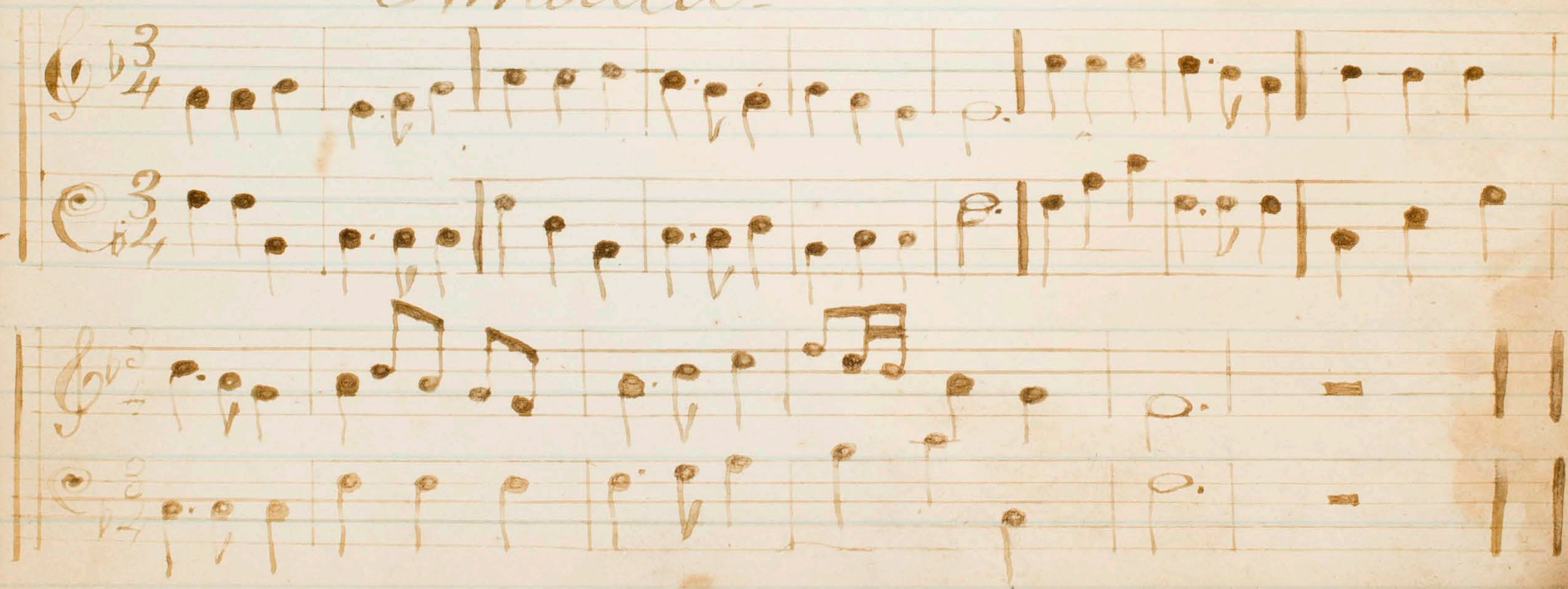
Fears would be flowing;
Thine, our dear native land,
Thine is the cause so grand;
Oh! who would stay the hand forth for thee again?

3

God of the brave and free;
 Where'er our armies be,
 Trust, them we will, with thee;
 Go Thon before them.
 Be thou their strength and shield;
 Win thou for them the field;
 Oh! may they never yield,
 While thou art o'er them
 Chorus.

4 - Swift bring the end, and fast,
 Till, home to us at last,
 When all the strife is past,
 Joyful we greet them.
 Oh, if they nobly die
 Where Freedom's banners fly,
 Keep them with Thee, on high,
 Till we shall meet them
 Chorus.

America.



1 — My country! 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my father died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let Freedom ring.

2
 My native country! thee
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

3 —
 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathes partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4
 O our Father's God! to thee,
 Author of liberty!
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With Freedom's holy light!

Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

5.

God bless our native land,
May heavens protecting hand
Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Each transformed to friends,
And all our rights depend
On war no more.

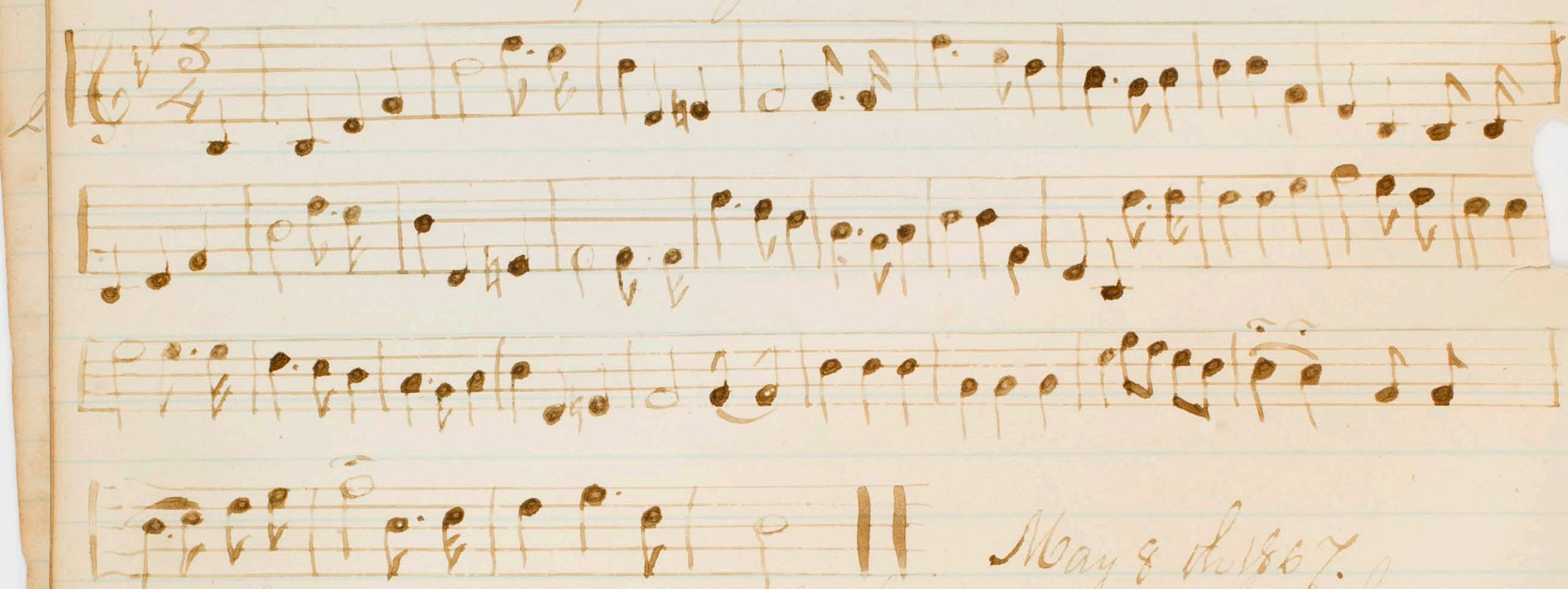
6.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our name;
Home of the brave and free,
Strong-hold of Liberty.
We pray that still on thee
There be no stain.

7.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wild world o'er.

The Star-sprangled Banner.



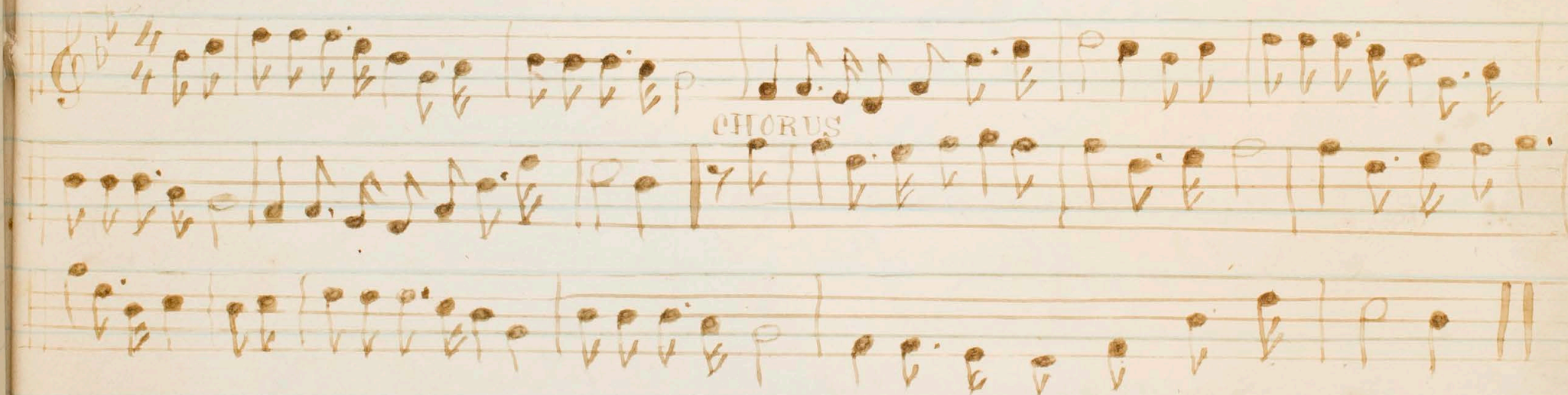
1. Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there,
 Oh! say does the star-sprangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
 Where foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses;
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
 'Tis the star-sprangled banner, Oh! long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle confusion,
 A home and a country, shall leave us no more;
 Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution;
 No refuge can save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4

Oh! thus it is ever where freemen shall stand
 Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation;
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued land
 Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation;
 Their conqueror we must, when our cause it is just
 And this be our motto "In God is our trust"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The Battle-cry of Freedom



1- Yes we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hillside we gather from the plains,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Chorus The Union forever Hurrah, boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, Up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

2
We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom, (men more)
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Free-
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom. Chorus

3
We will welcome to our number the loyal, true and brave
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And although he may be poor he shall never be a slave
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom. Chorus.

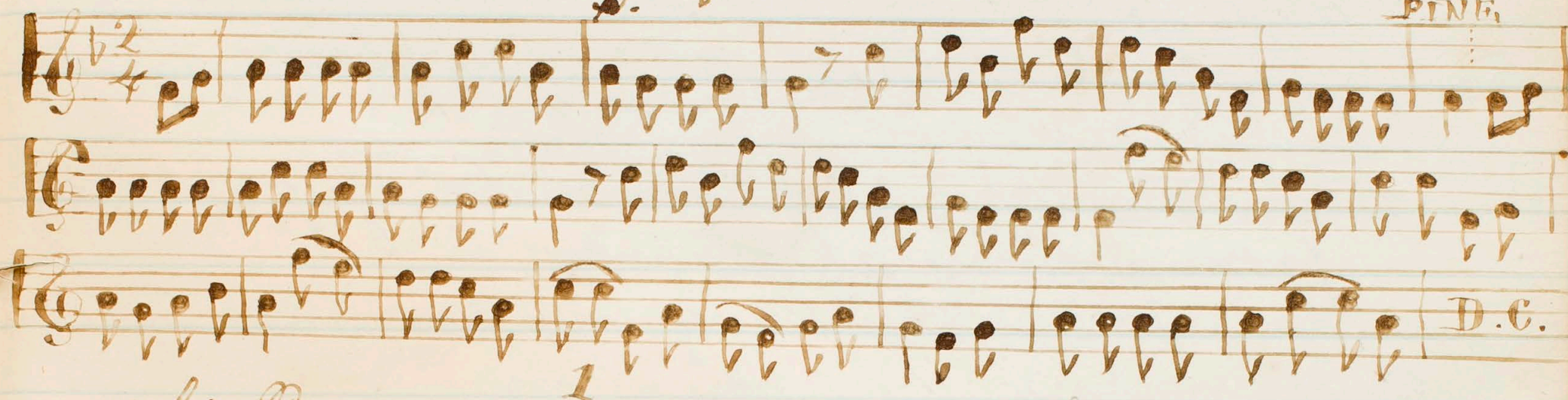
4
So we're springing to the call from the east and from the W.
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom. Chorus.

The Wearing of the Green:

15

8.

PINE



Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear
The news that's goin' round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law,
It's grow on Irish ~~the~~ ground;
St. Patrick's day no more to keep,
His color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law agin
The wearin' of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy,
And he tuk me by the hand,
And he said, how's poor ould
Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country
That ever you have seen
They're hanging men and women there
For wearin' of the green.

2

Then since the color we must wear
Is England's cruel red
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget
The blood that they have shed.

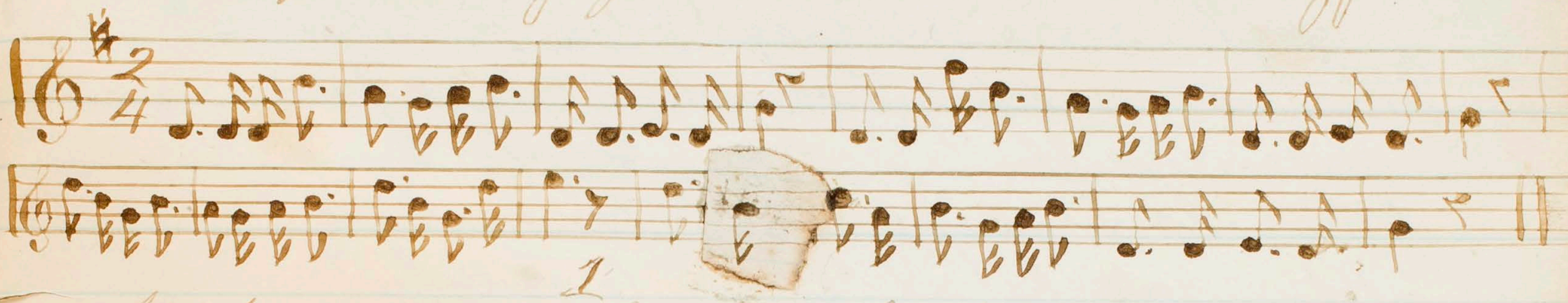
You may take the Shamrock from your hat,
and cast it on the sod

But till ~~take~~ root and flourish still,
Tho' under foot 'tis trod;
When the law stop the blades of grass
from growing as we grow,
And when the leaves in summer time,
their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color
I wear in my cabbeen;
But till that day, please God
I'll stick to wearing the green.

3-

But if at last our color should be torn
Ireland's heart,
Her sons with and sorrow from
the dear old soil will part:
I've heard of a whisper of a country
that lies far beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal
in the light of freedom's day;
Oh! Erin, must we leave you
driven by the tyrant's hand,
Must we ask a mother's welcome
from a strange but happier land,
Where the cruel cross of England's thralldom
never shall be seen;
And where, thank God, we'll live and die,
still wearing of the green.

"If a Body find a Lesson." {Coming through the} AIR



1
If a body find a lesson rather hard and dry,
If no body comes to "show" him need a body cry?
If he's little time to study, should he stop and sigh?
Ere he says "I cannot get it," ought he not to Try?

2
If a body scan his lesson with a steady eye
All its hardness he will conquer, - conquer by and by.
The how neatly he'll recite it, face not all away!
Ne'er again he'll "I cannot!" but will go and Try!

Wouldn't you like to know.
Air: "coming through the eye."
I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders as white as snow;
She lives - are well, I must not tell
Wouldn't you like to know?
Her sunny hair is wondrous fair
And wavy, in its flow!
Who made it less one little tress,
Oh wouldn't you like to know?

2
Her eyes are blue (celestial hue)
And daggling in their glow;

Her lips are red and finely red
 Like roses ere they bloom;
 What lover sips those dewy lips
 Now wouldn't you like to know?
 What lover sips those dewy lips
 Now wouldn't like to know?

3 -

Her fingers are like lillies fair
 When lillies fairest grow;
 Whose hand they press with fond caress,
 Wouldn't you like to know -?
 She has a name the sweetest name
 That language can bestow;
 I would break the spell if I should tell.
 Now wouldn't you like to know?

Lean and Scraggy.

Air - "So let the wide world etc." Music
 I'm de nig dat lean and scraggy
 Which makes me look so thin and tall;
 And my coat is madder raggedy,
 Better than no coat at all.

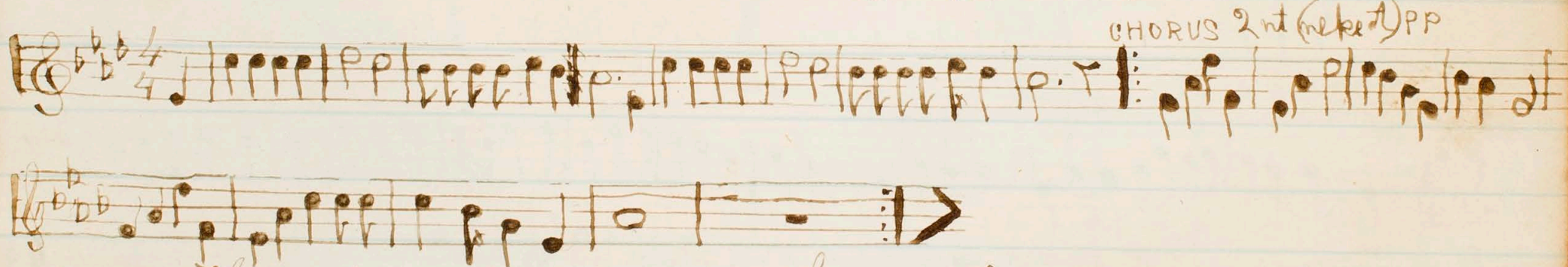
Chorus - So let the wide world wag as it will
 I'll be lean and scraggy still;
 Lean and scraggy, black and raggy,
 I'll be lean and scraggy still

2
If some yaller gal should sit beside me,
Or should set upon my knee,
She might scold and she might chide me,
Still the same I'd scrappy be.

3. Chorus
People say the rich and wealthy
Us poor buggers do despise,
We're content, though poor but healthy,
It is the boon we most do prize.

4 Chorus.
'mong us, boys, dare no disunion
Kase Uncle Sam we do obey;
We all hab head ob Ginnal Washington
Like wise the name of Henry Clay. Chorus.

"There's Music in the Air."



1 - There's music in the air
When the infant morn is nigh,
And fair its blush is seen
On the bright and laughing sky.
CHORUS - Many a harp's extatic sound,
With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there
To the music in the air.

2. There's music in the air
When the noontide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light

On the distant mountain stream.
When between some grateful shade
Sorrow's aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there
Comes the music in the air.

3. There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breeze,
As its pensive beauties die.

Then, O! then, the loved ones gone,
Wake the pure celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there
In the music in the air.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

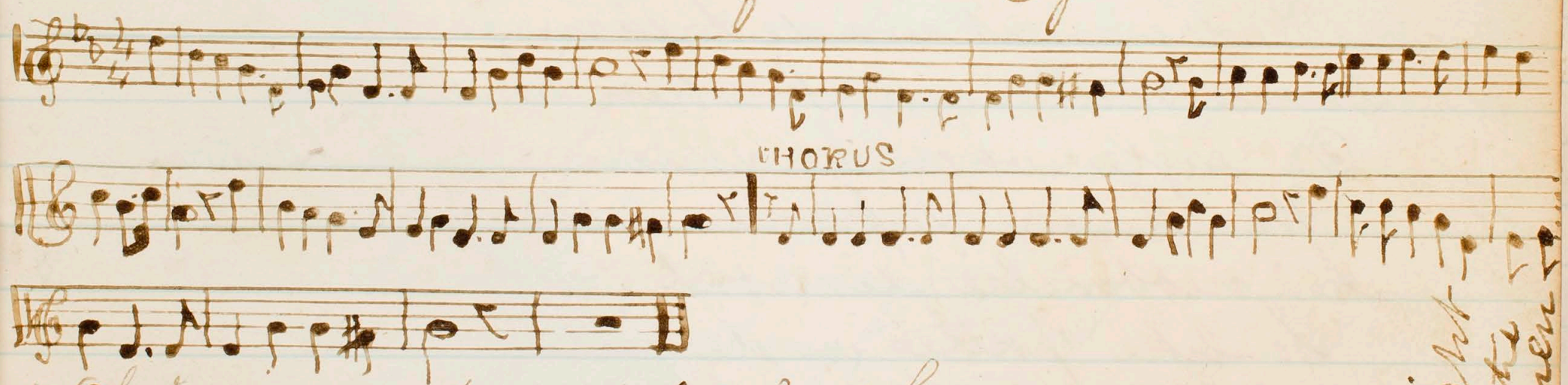


1. When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then...
The men will cheer, the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny
comes marching home.

2 The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, Hurrah,
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah, hurrah;
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home!!

3 Get ready for the jubilee, Hurrah, Hurrah,
We'll give thee here three times three Hurrah Hurrah,
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow, and we'll let
Love and friendship on that day, hurrah Hurrah
Their choicest treasures then display Hurrah Hurrah
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart, Chorus

The Contraband of Port Royal.



1 Oh praise and thank de Lord he come
To set de peopple free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom
An' we ob jubilee!
De Lord dat heaf de Red Sea waves,
No e jro 'as strong as dem; We say de word

we las' night
welcome to de
dread's onmen

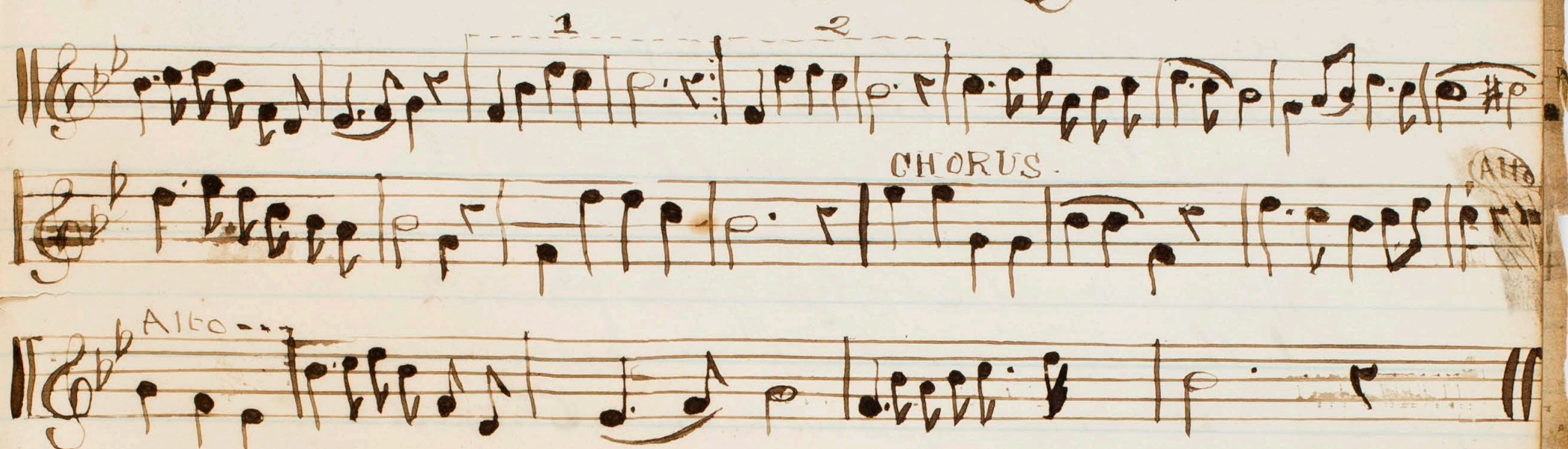
Chorus: De yam will grow, de cotton blow.
 We'll hab de rice and corn:
 Oh; nebbet you fear, if nebbet you hear
 De druber blow his horn!

2 Ole massa on he trabbles gone,
 We leab de land behind:
 De Lord's bress blow him furdur on
 Like corn-shuck in de wind.
 We own de hoe, we own de plow
 We own de hands dat hold;
 We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
 But nebbet child be sold. Chorus.

3. We pray de Lord: he gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free;
 De norfwind tell it to de pines,
 De wild-duck to de sea.
 We tink it when de church-bell rings,
 We dream it in de dream;
 De rice-bird mean it when he sing
 De eagle when he scream. Chorus.

4 We know de promise nebbet fail,
 An' nebbet lie de word.
 So like 'postles in de jail,
 We waited for de Lord:
 An' now he open every door,
 An' throw away de key;
 We tink we lub him so before,
 We love him better free
 Chorus.

"When this Cruel War is Over."



1. Dearest love do you remember,
 When we last did meet,
 How you told me that you loved me,
 Kneeling at my feet?
 Oh! how proud you stood before me
 In your suit of blue,....
 When you vowed to me and country
 Ever to be true.

Chorus: Weeping sad and lonely,
 Hopes and fears how vain! Yet praying.
 When this cruel war is over,
 Praying that we meet again.

2 - When the summer breeze is sighing
 Mournfully along,
 Or when autumn leaves are falling,
 Sadly breathes the song.
 Oft in dreams I see the lying
 Lonely, wounded, even dying,
 Calling, but in vain.

Chorus - Weeping, sad &c,

24
3 If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to here you call —
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever in your brain. Chorus.

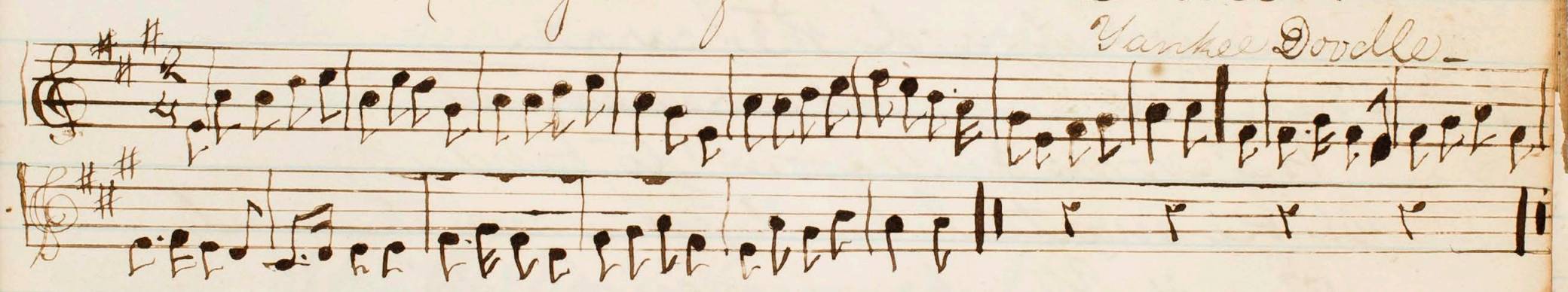
4 — But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free. Chorus.

Union Forever. Air { So let the world
world wag as it will
Music on page

1st. Yankee soldiers are victorious,
Marching on without delay;
Now, sweeping all before us
We are sure to win the day.
Chorus — So let the traitors say what they will
We will have our union still.
Union, Forever! Union Forever!!
We will have our union still.

- 2- Where is old Sidney Johnson?
He has gone, his work is done.
But our troops are marching onward
And there'll be no more Bull Run. Chorus.
- 3- Stonewall Jackson has been beaten,
Sadly disappointed too.
And the rebels are retreating
From our old Red, White, and Blue Chorus.
- 4- Gen. Banks and brave McClellan
Soon will walk through dixey land
And crush that great Rebellion,
Slaying every traitor band. Chorus.

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.



- 1 Once on a time old Johnny Bull,
Flew in a raging fur,
And said that Jonathan should have
No trials, sir, by jury:
That no elections should be held,
Across the briny waters:
"And now," says he,
"I'll tax the tea,
Of all his sons and daughters"

2 Then down he sat in burly state,
And bristled like a grandlee,
And in derision made a tune
Call'd "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

"Yankee Doodle" — These are facts —

Yankee doodle dandy:

My son of war your tea I'll tap —

Yankee doodle dandy!

3 — John sent the tea from over the sea

With heavy duties rated;

But whether hyson or bohea,
I never heard it stated.

Then Jonathan to port began —

He laid a strong embargo —

"I'll drink no tea, by Gove!" so he

Threw overboard the cargo.

4 — Then Johnny sent a regiment,

Big words and looks to bandy,

Whose martial band, when near the land,

Play'd "Yankee doodle dandy"

Yankee doodle — keep it up!

"Yankee doodle dandy!"

I'll poison with a tax your cup,

Yankee doodle dandy!

5 — A long war then they had; in which

John was at last defeated —

And "Yankee doodle" was the march
To which his troops retreated.

Cute Jonathan to see them fly,

Could not restrain his laughter:
"That tune" said he "suits to a T,
I'll sing it ever after".

6 - With "Hail Columbia" it is sung,
In chorus full and hearty -
On land and main, we breathe the strain,
John mad for his tea party.

"Yankee doodle - ho! ha! he!"

Yankee doodle dandy -
We kept the tune but not the tea,
Yankee doodle dandy!"

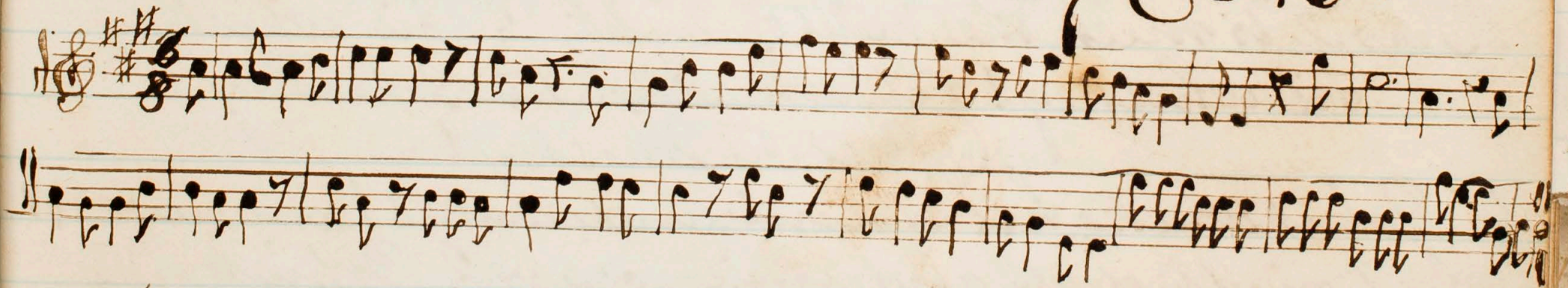
7 - No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air,

Of "Yankee doodle dandy!"
Yankee doodle, doodle, doo!
"Yankee doodle dandy!"

Yankee doodle
firm and true
Yankee doodle
dandy.

The Toper's Lament.

By A. B. C.



Not to be copied without permit from

A. B. C.
Newton Centre.

1 What is a man's most deadly foe? ^{woe} Whiskey!
What heaps ^{on} him the greatest? Whiskey!
And fits him for the meanest show? 'Tis whiskey!
What strewn with all the path of life? Whiskey!
What scatters funds and rindles strife? Whiskey!
Between his friends and his good wife?
'Tis whiskey! 'tis whiskey! 'tis whiskey! 'tis whiskey!
O, Yes, 'tis Whiskey!

2 What ist proclaims his guilt and shame? Whiskey!
What picks his pockets, steals his ~~name~~ ^{name}? Whiskey!
And blasts his prospects and his name? 'tis Whiskey!
What clothes his body all in rags? Whiskey!
What makes him totters on his legs? Whiskey!
And tips him into filth and dregs?
'Tis whiskey! 'tis Whiskey! 'tis Whiskey! 'tis Whiskey!
O, Yes, 'tis whiskey!

3 What bloats his face, and swells his brain? Whiskey!
And makes him perfectly insane? Whiskey!
And keeps him ever in a flame? 'Tis whiskey!
What makes him think he is all right? Whiskey!
What makes him, like the owl of night? Whiskey!
Recoil to meet the rays of light? 'Tis whiskey!
'Tis whiskey! 'tis whiskey! 'tis Whiskey!
O, Yes, 'tis Whiskey!

4 What wrecks his mind, and makes him rave? W
And madly death and ruin crave? Whiskey.
What brings him to an early grave? 'tis whiskey!
Alas! and is not all this true? O. Yes!

29

Of rum, and gin, and brandy too? O. Yes!
What in the end will toppers do?
Reject it! Forsake it! Detest it!
Abhor it! O! Yes, fly from it! A.R.D.

"Come Home, Father."



1 Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your days work was done.
Confire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,

30.
And no one to help her but me.

Come home! come home! come home!

Please, father, dear father, come home.

Chorus - Here the sweet voice of the child

Which the night winds repeat as they roam!

Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers?

"Please father, dear father, come home"

2 Father, dear father, come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes two;

The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,

But he has been calling for you.

Indeed he is worse, - Ma says he will die,

Perhaps before morning shall dawn;

And this is the message she sent me to bring

"Come quickly or he will be gone."

Come home &c, etc,

Chorus

3 Father, dear father come home with me now!

The clock in the steeple strikes three;

The house is so lonely the hours are so long

For poor weeping mother and me,

Yes, we are alone - poor Benny is dead,

And gone with the angels of light;

And these were the last words he said

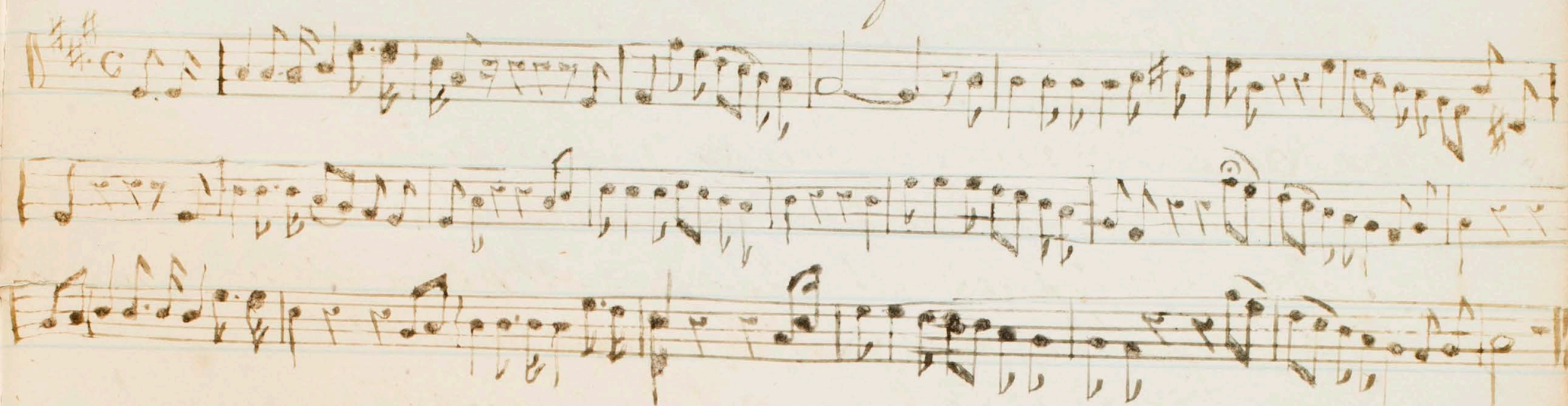
"I want to kiss Papa goodnight."

Come home! Come home! Come home

Please father, dear father

Come home. Chorus

31.
 & Columbia, the land of the brave.



1 — O Columbia, the gem of the ocean, —

The home of the brave and free; —

The shrine of each patriot's devotion, —

A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble

When liberty's form stands in view,

Thy banners makes tyranny tremble,

When borne by the red, white, and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue,

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,

When borne by the red, white, and blue.

2 — When war with'd its wide desolation,

And threat'nd the land to deform,

The ark then of freedom's foundation

Columbia rode safe through the storm;

With her garlands of victory around her,

Then so proudly she bore her brave crew,

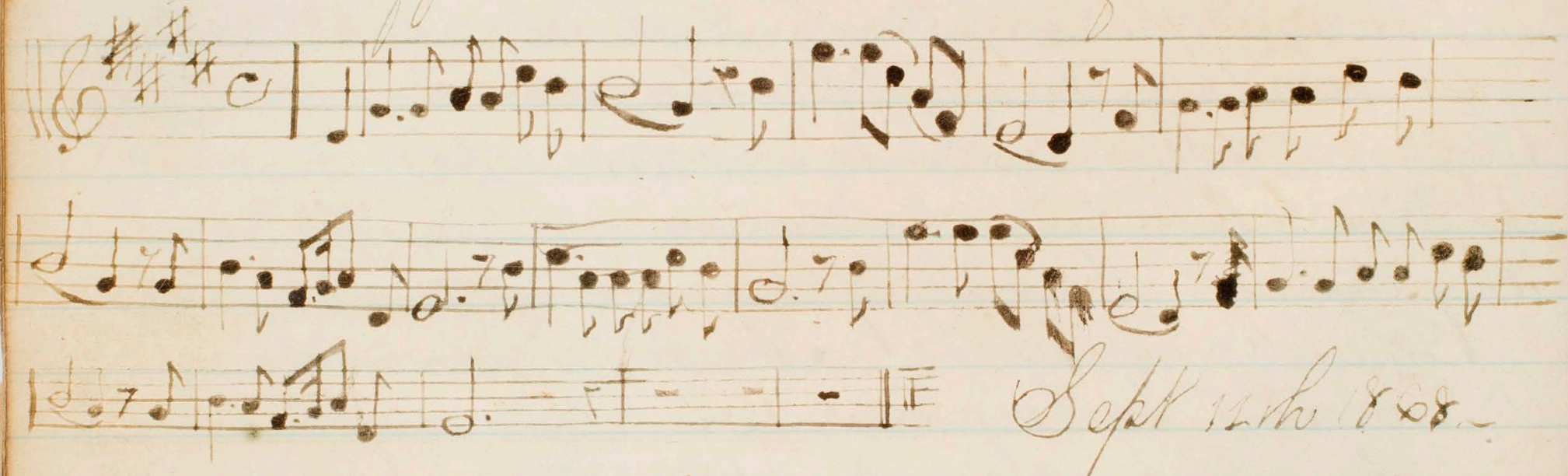
With her flag proudly floating before her,

The boast of the red, white, and blue

The boast etc etc

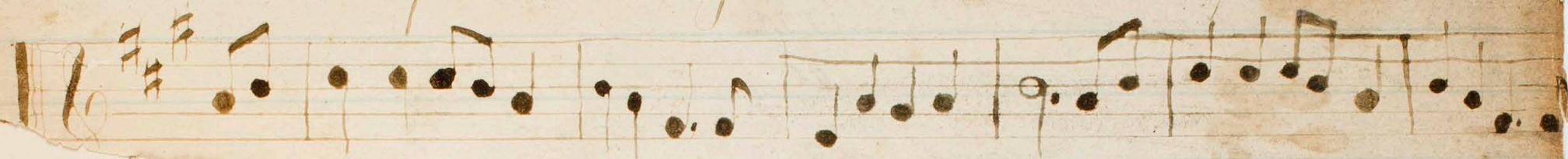
4 32
3 The wine-cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May the service united, ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true, —
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red white and blue. Etc.

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine."

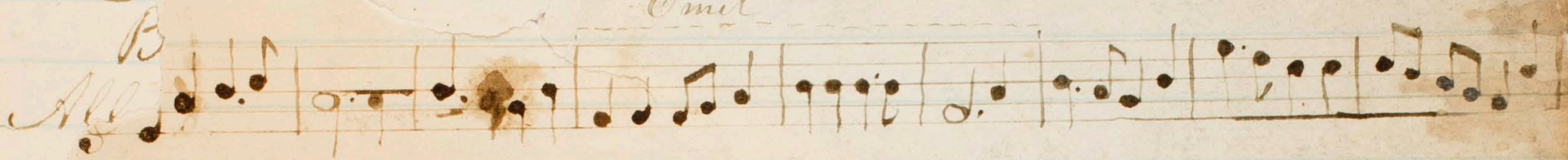


1 I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
If I could love thee less,
But hearts as warm and pure as thine,
Should never know distress;
My fortune is too hard for thee, —
It would chill thy dearest joy:
I'd rather weep to see thee free,
Than win thee to destroy!

"C. Wrap the Flag around me, Boys."



Omit



Chorus.



A Vesper Song.



We are sitting by the cottage door, brother!
 In the hush of the twilight's spell;
 We are gathered as in days of yore, brother!
 With a song bidding life fare well:
 But there's an vacant place in our circle dear
 And our song has lost its wonted cheer;
 And there's an aching void in every heart, brother!

When to our starry banner, boys,
 The traitors foe should yield,
 But now, alas! I am denied
 My dearest earthly prayer,
 You'll follow, and will meet me
 But I shall not be there. I wish to
 join you, then,



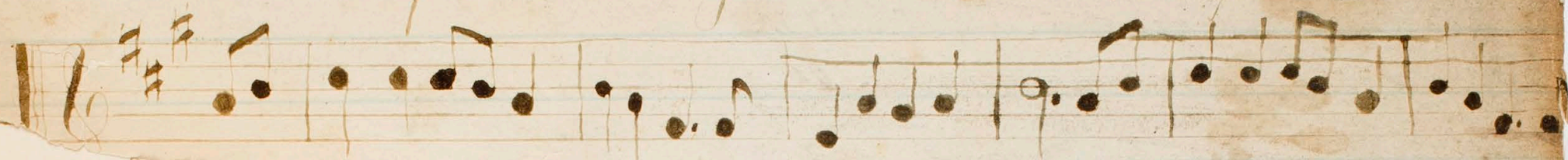
4 32
2 The wine-cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
Way the wreaths, the have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
The laurel that grows in the soil of the brave

5
1 Still upon the field of battle,
I am lying, Mother, dear,
With my wounded comrades waiting,
For the morning to appear.
Many sleep to awaken never.

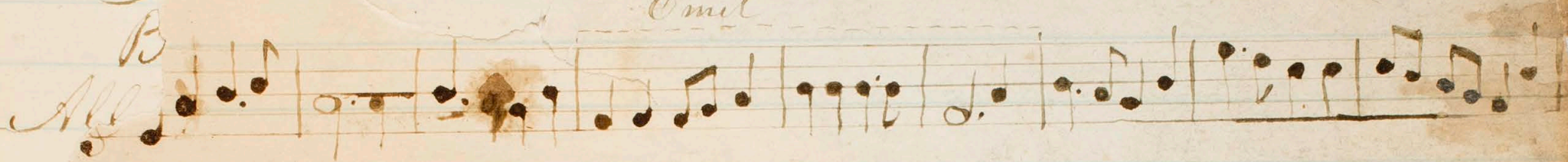
In this world of strife and death,
And many more are faintly calling,
With their feeble dying breath.
Chorus. Mother ^{dear} your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain,
But still I feel that I shall see you,
And the dear old home again.

2 Oh the first great charge was fearful,
I could love me less,
But hearts as warm and pure as mine,
Should never know distress;
My fortune is too hard for thee, —
It would chill thy dearest joy:
I'd rather weep to see thee free,
Than win thee to destroy!

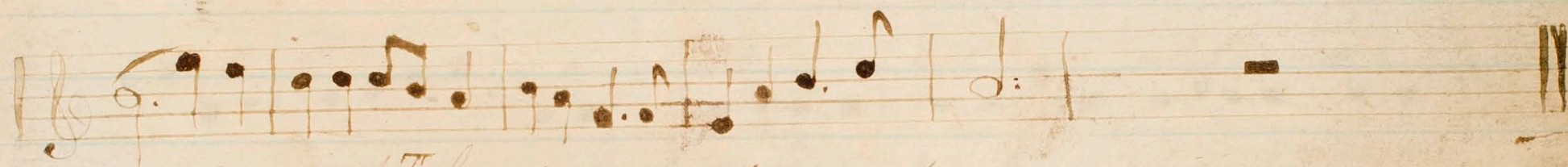
"O, Wrap the Flag around me, Boys."



Omit



Chorus.



1. O, wrap ^Tflag around me, boys.

To die were far more sweet,

With Freedom's starry emblem, boys.

To be my winding sheet;

In life I love to see it wave,

And follow where it led,

And now my eyes grow dim, my hands

Would clasp its last bright shred!

Chorus. The first four lines of the first stanza.

2. O, I had thought to greet you, boys,

On many a well won field,

When to our starry banner, boys,

The traitors for should yield,

But now, alas! I am denied

My dearest earthly prayer,

You'll follow, and will meet me, ^{runners so gay}

But I shall not be there. ^{Let me} ^{runners so gay} ^{then,}



2 - But, tho' my body moulder, boys,
My spirit will be free.

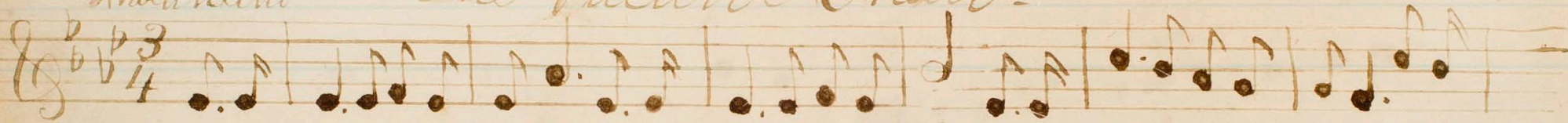
And every comrade's honor, boys
Will still be dear to me.

There in the thick and bloody fight,
Ne'er let your ardor lag.

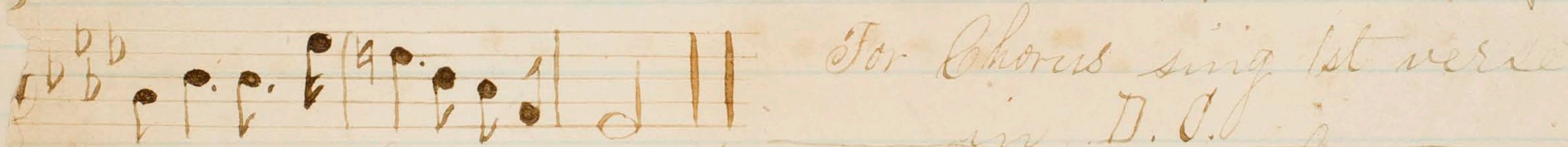
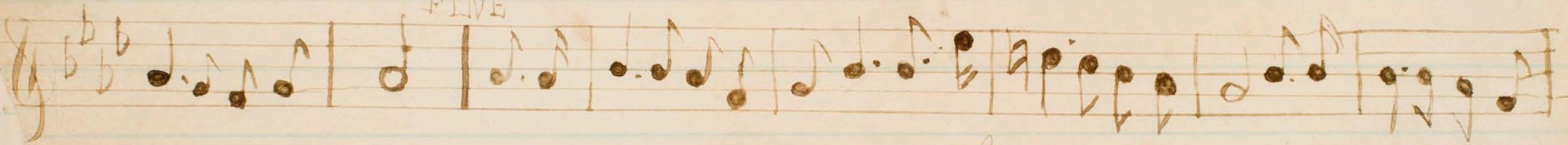
For I'll be there, still hovering near,
Above the dear old flag. So wrap the flag to.

Andantino

The Vacant Chair.



FINE



For Chorus sing 1st verse
in D.C.

1 - We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him

While we breathe our evening prayer.
When a year ago we gathered,

Joy was in his mild blue eye,

But a golden cord is severed,

And our hopes in ruin lie. Chorus.

2 - 'Tis the fireside sad and lonely,

Than will the bosom swell

With remembrance of the story

Willie fell;

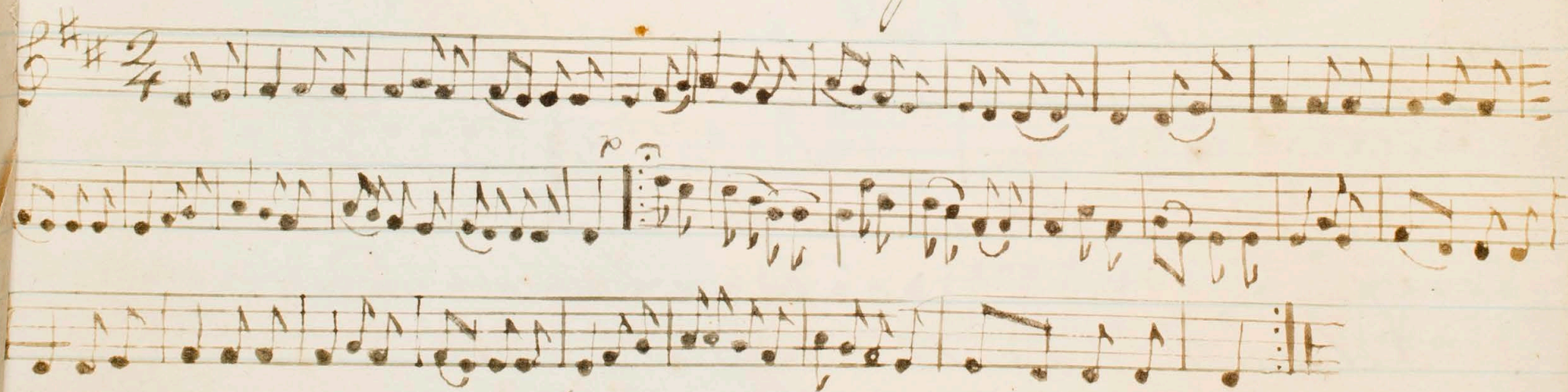
He strove to bear our banner

2 I leave thee in thy happiness,
 As one too dear to love;
 As one I think of but to bless,
 As wretchedly I rove:
 But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,
 All bitter though it be,
 How sweet 'twill be for me to think
 It holds no drop for thee.

2

And now, my dreams are sadly o'er,
 Fate bids them all depart,
 And I must leave my native shore
 In brokenness of heart;
 There oh! dear one, when far from thee,
 I ne'er know joy again,
 I would not that one thought of me
 Should give thy bosom pain.

"As we marched through the town."



As they march'd thro' the town, with their banners so gay
 I ran to the window to hear the band play
 I peep'd thro' the blinds very cautiously, then,

34
2 Least the neighbors should say I was looking at the men.
Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet,
But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat;
The troop was the finest I ever did see.
And the Captain with his whiskers took a sly glance
2 at me.

When we met at the ball, I of course
Thought 'twas right
To pretend that we had never met
before that night;
But he knew me at once, I perceived
by his glance,
And I hung down my head when
he asked me to dance.
Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the set,
And the sweet words he spoke I shall
never forget;
For my heart was enlisted, and I could
not get free, As the Captain with me.

3
But he marched from the town, and I
saw him no more,
Yet I think of him oft and the
whiskers he wore:
I dream all the night, and I
talk all the day
Of the love of the Captain who went far away.
Remember with super-abundant delight
When we met in the street, and we

danced all the night,
 And keep in my mind how my
 heart jumped with glee,
 As the Captain with his whiskers
 took a sly glance at me.

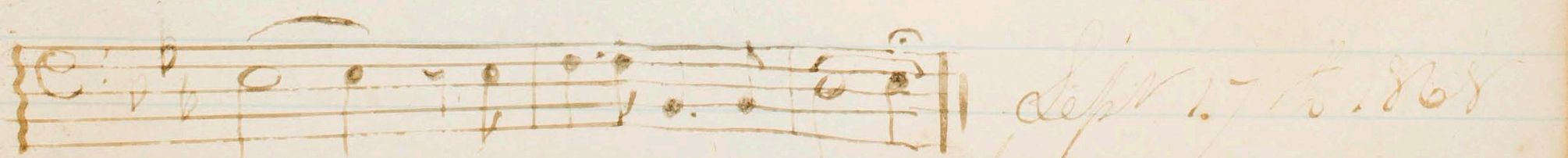
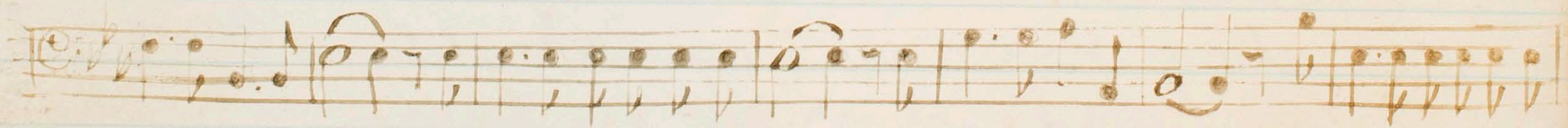
Girl I left behind me. Irish



O, Lassie, Art Thou Sleeping. Scotch



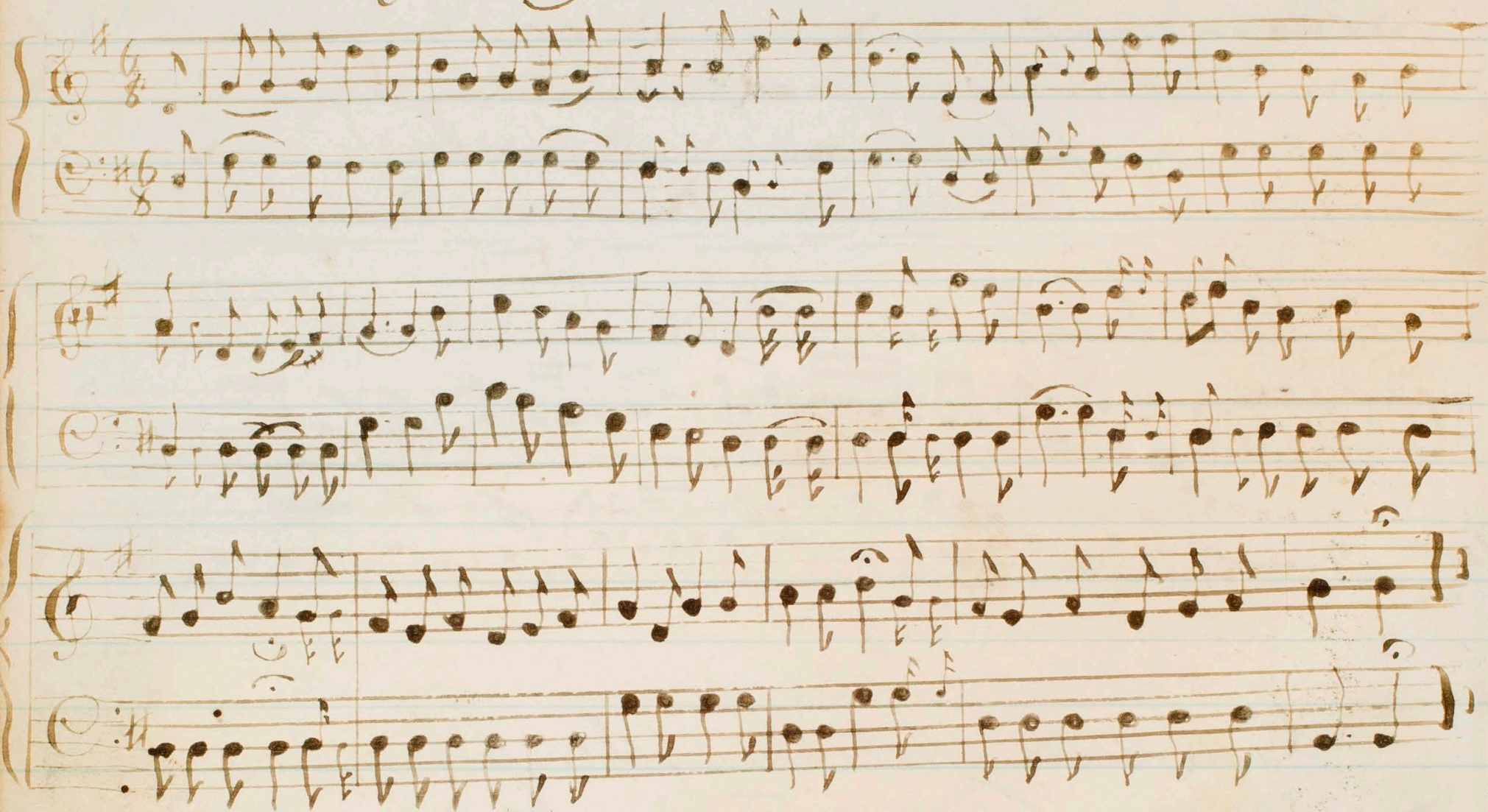
Base to the music I offer thee this hand of mine



Sept 17 to 1868

Copied from G. F. Fleet

The Lords of Creation.



1. The Lords of Creation men we call,
 And they think they rule the whole;
 But they're much mistaken after all,
 For they're under the woman's control,
 As ever since the world began,
 It has always been the way,
 For did not Adam, the very first man,
 The very first woman obey, obey, obey, obey!
 The very first woman obey!

2.
 Ye Lords who at present hear my song,
 I know you will quickly say:
 Our size is more large, our nerves more strong;
 Shall the stronger the weaker obey?

But think not tho' these words we hear,
 We shall let mind a thing you say;
 For as long as a woman's possessed of a tear,
 Your power will vanish away, away, away, away!
 Your power will vanish away!

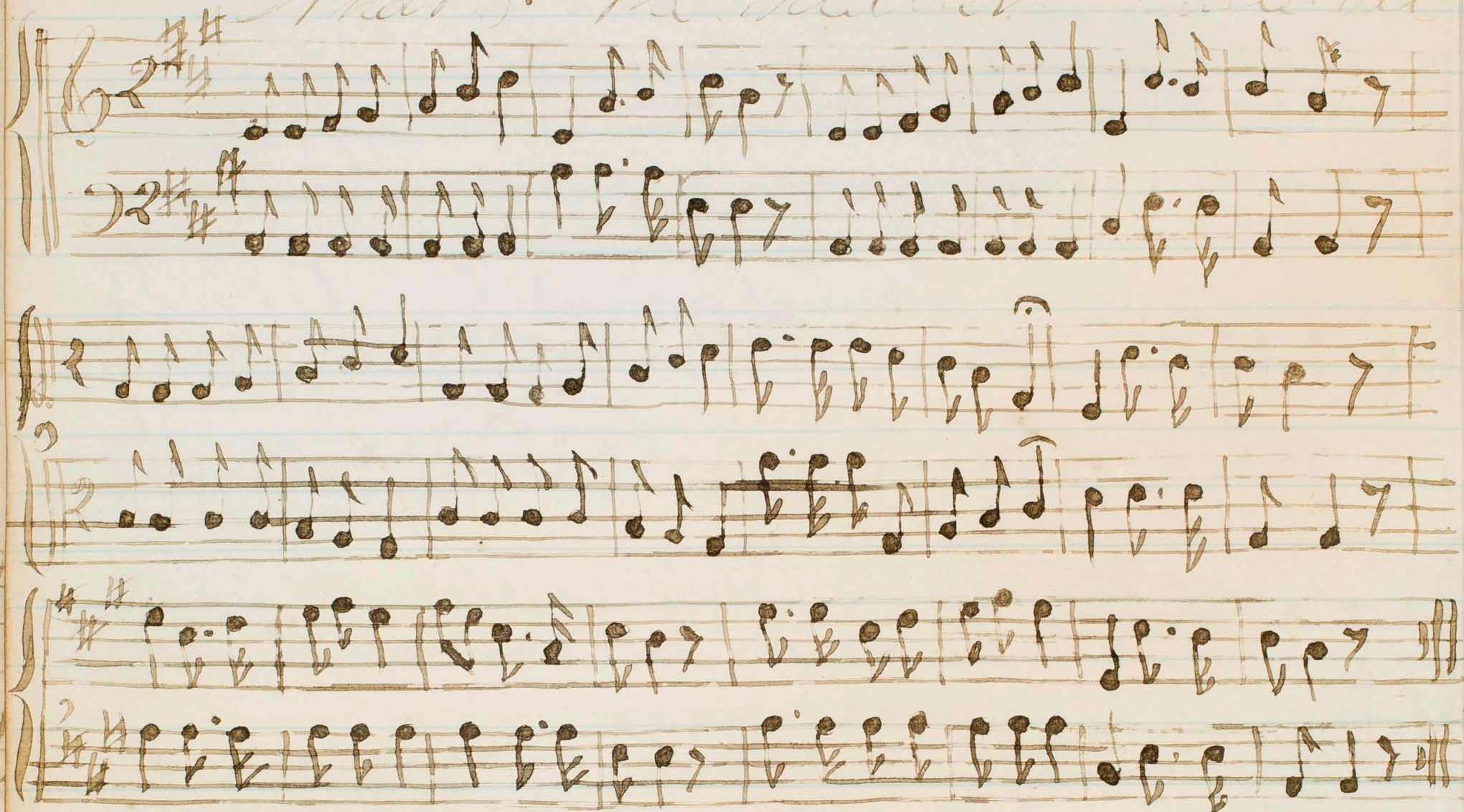
I should say—
 But if there be so strange a wight
 As not to be moved by a tear,
 Though much astonished by the sight,
 We shall still have no cause to fear;
 Then let them please themselves awhile,
 Upon their fancied sway,
 For as long as a woman's possessed of a smile,
 She'll certainly have her own way.
 She'll certainly have her own way, own way, own way, own way!

14

Now ladies, since I have made it plain
 That the thing is really so
 We'll even let them hold the rein
 But we'll show them the way to go;
 As ever since the world begun
 It has always been the way,
 And we manage it so the very last man,
 Shall the very last woman
 obey, obey, obey, obey!
 Shall the very last woman obey!

Sept. 18/1868.

What's the Matter "Home Ball"



1 See the people turning out,
 What's—what's the matter?
 What is all this noise about,
 What, what's the matter?
 Gathered in from far and near,
 Every loyal man is here,
 What is it the people fear?
 What, what's the matter?

Chorus

2 What, what's the matter now,
 What, what's the matter?
 What's the cause of all this row?
 What, what's the matter?

2 Traitors in our midst we've found,
 That's what's the matter,
 Peddling here their treason round,
 That's what's the matter
 Men that to our foes have cried,
 "You can count us on your side,
 We will let the Union slide,"
 That's what's the matter.

Chorus: That's what's the matter now, That's what's the ^{mat}ter;
 Treason here we won't allow That's what's the matter.

3 Firing on our armies' rear —
 Trying to scatter

Disaffection far and near;
 That's what's the matter,

"Take your proclamation back;
 Take your armies off the track;
 Cry aloud this long pack; That's what's the ^{mat}ter

Chorus Same as the 2nd.

4 Were ye what the people say;
 Stop now your chatter;

Uncle Sam shall win the day.
 That's what's the matter

If he want a million men

Let him tell when, and when

They'll be ready there and then;

That's what's the matter!

Chorus: That's what's the matter, ho!

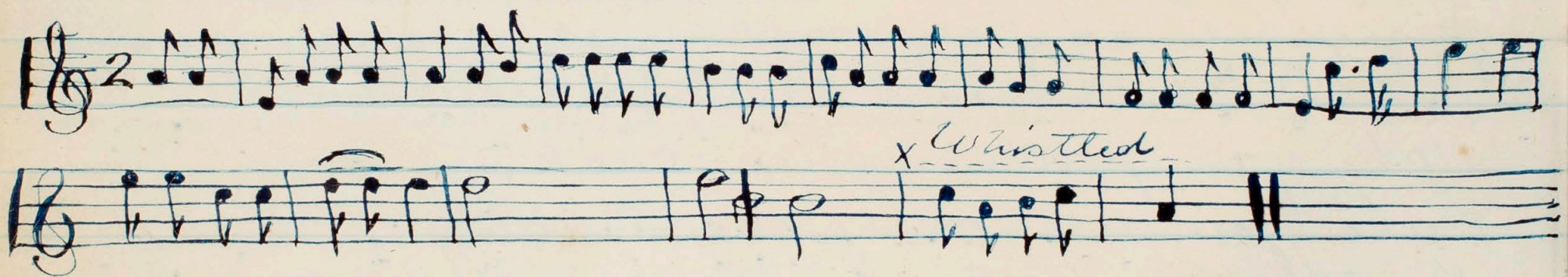
That's what's the matter —

Every drafted man shall go That's what's the ^{mat}ter.

40
5 Sandy Wood, and all the rest
Can't help the matter,
They must stand the Union test,
That's what's the matter
If they dare not pull a trigger,
Let them take along a nigger,
Who will fight at any figure,
That's what's the matter

Chorus: That's what's the matter, that's what's the matter,
Backing out we won't allow, that's what's the matter.

Uncle Sam's Funeral. { Copied from
Byrle Hall



1 'Twas but little while ago,
That the Copperheads were found
With their great Pallanighammer, a hammer-
ing around,
And they tried to scare us with their doleful sound,
Wim, Wa, Ye (Whistee)
2 Then said they, "O people dear, poor old Uncle
Sam is dead,
Let us put him in his coffin and hammer-
mer down the lead,"
And to work they all went as the words
they said, Wim, Wa Ye -

41
3. Said the people "Is it so, pray what was it made to
him die?"

Though we never will believe you, we know
you're apt to lie."

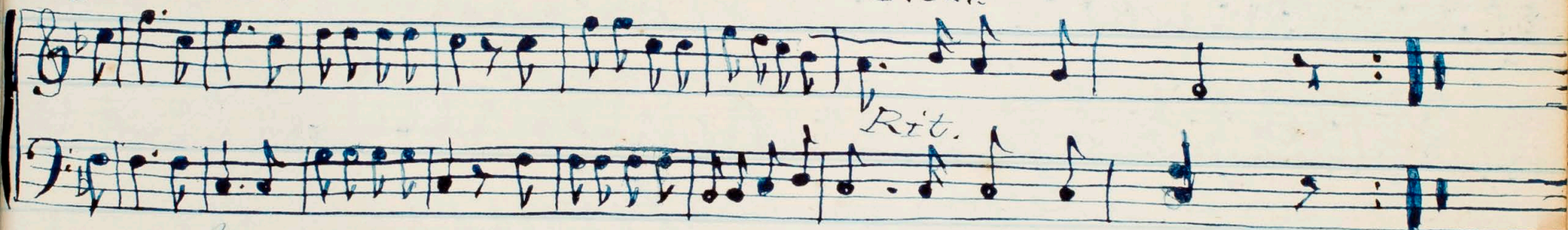
"Of the nigger proclamation," they did cry, "Win, Ka, Te
4. But the people only laughed at the story that they told,
For they knew this Constitution and answered up so bold.
"O you silly copperheads, you're badly sold," Win, Ka, Te.

He's come to the Arms of Abraham.



Chorus -

Rit.



1 My true love is a soldier

In the army now to day,
It was the cruel war that made him have to go away;
It was the "draft" that took him,
And it was a heavy blow",
It took him for conscript,
But he didn't want to go.

Chorus: He's gone — He's gone —

As weak as any lamb,
They took him, yes, they took
him to the arms of Abraham.

42.
2. He's gone to be a soldier,
With a knap sack on his back,
A fighting for the Union,
And a living on "hard tack,"
O, how he looks like a Christian,
In the Pilgrim's Progress shown,
With a bundle on ~~on~~ his back shoulders,
But nothing of his own. Chorus — —

3. O should he meet a rebel,
A pointin' with his gun,
I hope he may have courage
To "take care of number one."
If I were him I offer the fellow but a drake;
For what's the use of dying
Just for Jeff or Abraham! — Chorus —

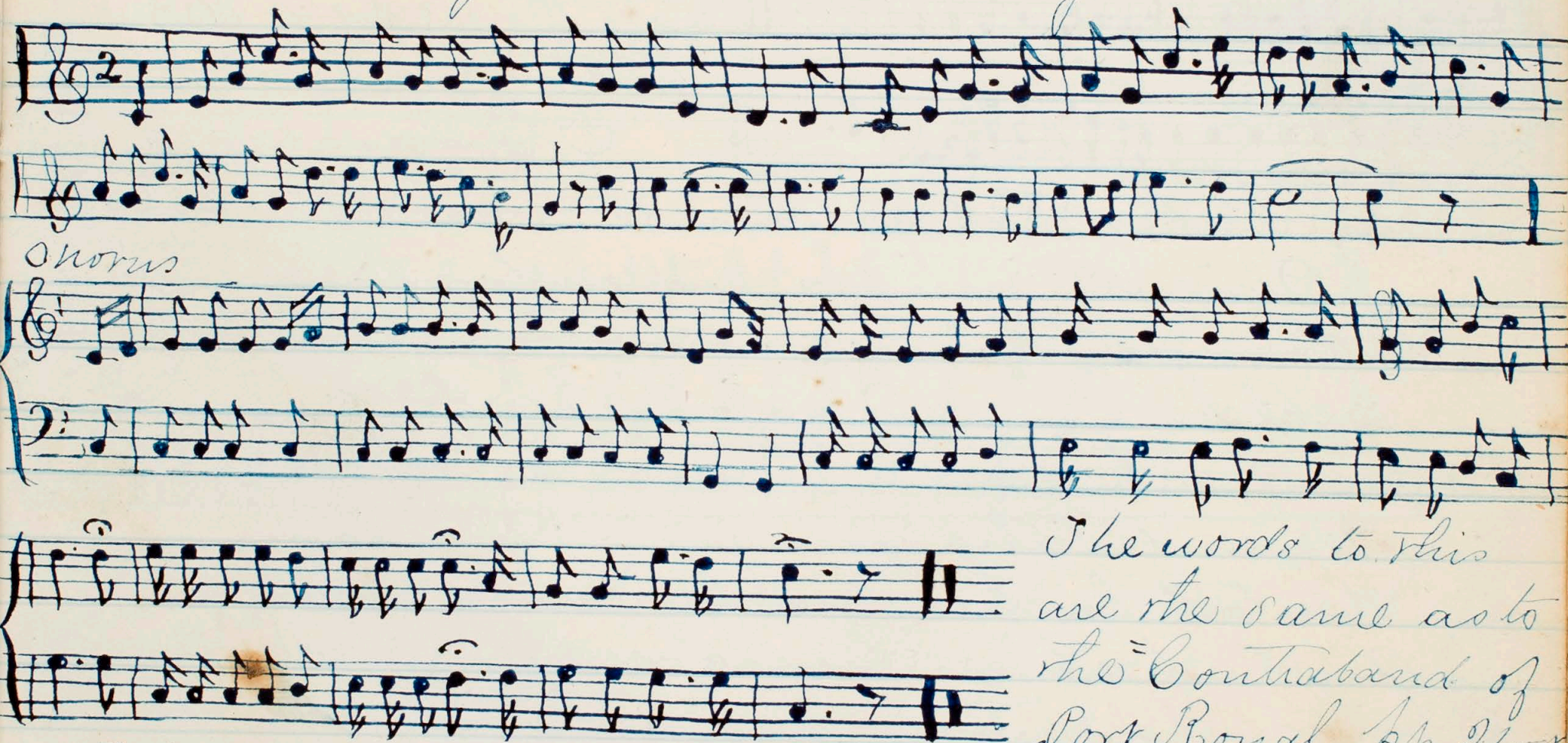
4. Indeed to be a soldier, it is so very hard;
For when a fellow has his gun
They poke him on the guard: (is wrong)
One day he shot a rooster, the captain thought
And so to punish him they made
Him picket all night long. Chorus

5. I haven't got a lover now
I haven't got a bear;
They took him as a raw recruit,
But mustered him, I know:
He's nothing but a private,
And not for war inclined,
Although a hard old nut to crack
A colonel you might find. Chorus

48

O My true love is a soldier,
 Upon the battle-ground,
 And if he should ever be lost,
 I hope he may be found;
 If he should fall a fighting
 Upon the battle plain
 I hope some other chap may come
 And pick him up a-gain Chorus.

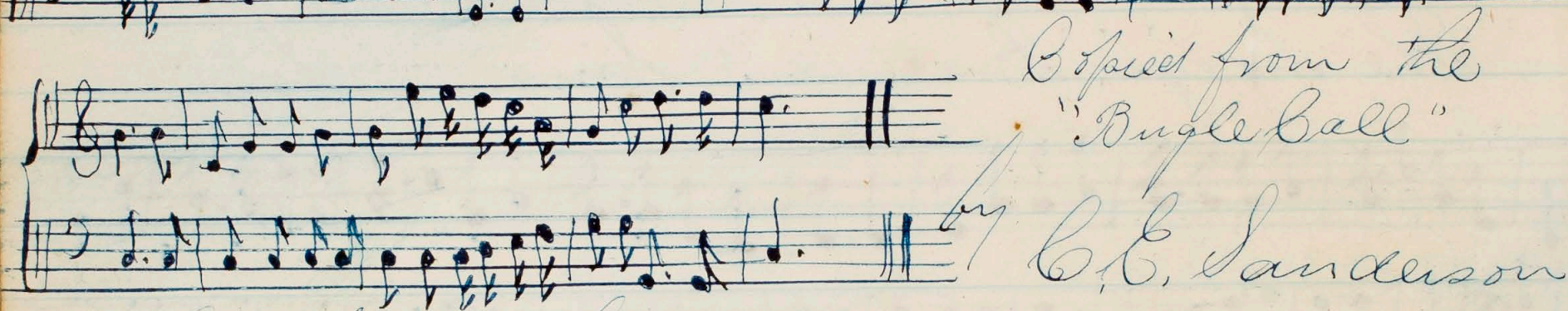
The Negro Boatman's Song. - Solo -



The words to this
 are the same as to
 the 'Contraband of
 Port Royal pp 21-22

O praise and thanks! De Lord he come
 To set the people free; an' massa think it day of doom
 An' we ob jubilee, De Lord that heap de red sea waves,
 He jus' as strong as den; He say de word;
 We las' night slaves;
 To day the Lord's free men.
 Chorus — De yam will grow, &c.

Kingdom Coming.



1 Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
 Iwd de muff-stash on his face,
 Go long de road some time dis mornin',
 Like he gwine to leab the place?
 He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,
 Where de Lunkum gun-boats lay;
 He took his hat, an' lef berry sudden;
 An' I expect he's run a-way!

Chorus De massa run? ha, ha!

De darkey stay ho, ho!
 It must be now de kingdom comin',
 An' de year of Jubilo!

2 He sit foor one way, two foor tudder,
 An he way six hundred pound,
 He is coat so big, he couldn't pay de ^{tailor,}
 An' it woid go half way round.

He drill so much dey call him Cap'en,
An he got so drestful Tannid,
Spects he try to fool dem Yankees
For to think he's comaband, — Chorus —

Cousin Jedidiah 4/4 Solo.

Handwritten musical score for 'Cousin Jedidiah' in 4/4 time. The score is written on five staves. The first two staves are for the solo part, and the last three are for the chorus. The chorus part includes vocal parts for Alto, Tenor, and Bass, and a Unison part. The lyrics are written below the staves.

CHORUS Solo. and Aunt Sophia.

Alto Tenor and Azariah Unison

Base Cousin Jedidiah,

Oh Jacob, get the cows home put them in the pens,
For the cousins are a coming to see us all again,
The dowsy's in the pan and the Turkey's on the fire,
And we all must get ready for Cousin Jedidiah,
Chorus Base - Cousin Jedidiah Tenor Sherie Hegeria
Alto - And Azariah Soprano Aunt Aunt Sophia,
All - All coming here to tea,
Oh! won't we have a jolly time, Oh won't we
have a jolly time
Jerisha put the kettle on and all take tea

2. Now Obed wash your face boy,
 and tallow up your shoes,
 While I go and see Aunt Betty,
 and tell her all the news,
 And Betty slick your hair and put on your
 Sunday gown,
 For Cousin Jedidiah come right from Boston^{town}.
 Chorus -

3rd And Job you peel the onions,
 and wash and fix the taters,
 We have them on the table in those,
 shining painted waiters,
 Put on your brand new boots,
 and those trousers with the straps
 Aunt Sophia'll take a shine to you
 if you look real slick perhaps.
 Chorus -

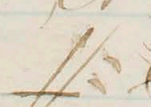

4 Tell Josh to put the colt in the
 double seated chaise,
 Let him just card down the cattle,
 and give them a little hay,
 I'll wear my nice new bell-gown
 I bought of old Uncle Uriah,
 And I guess we'll astonish
 our Cousin Jedidiah,

Chorus: - Base - - Cousin Jedidiah
 Tenor - There's Megibah Alto - - And Aginah
 Sop. And Aunt Sophia. All coming here to tea
 Oh! want we have a jolly time etc - etc

The Letter in Candle.

47.

Handwritten musical score for 'The Letter in Candle'. The score is written on ten staves. The first staff is the treble clef melody. The second staff is the alto clef melody. The third staff is the tenor clef melody. The fourth staff is the bass clef melody. The fifth staff is the bass clef melody. The sixth staff is the bass clef melody. The seventh staff is the bass clef melody. The eighth staff is the bass clef melody. The ninth staff is the bass clef melody. The tenth staff is the bass clef melody. The score includes a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Air' and the mood is 'MS'. The score is written in brown ink on aged paper.

There's a letter in the candle,
 It points direct to me;
 How the little spark is shining,
 From whom-ever can it be?
 It gets brighter, still ^{and} brighter,
 Like a little sunny ray,
 And I dare guess the writer,
 For it drives suspense away.
 CHORUS  Bright spark of hope, Shed your beams ^{on me,}
 And send a loving message
 From far across the sea. 

2

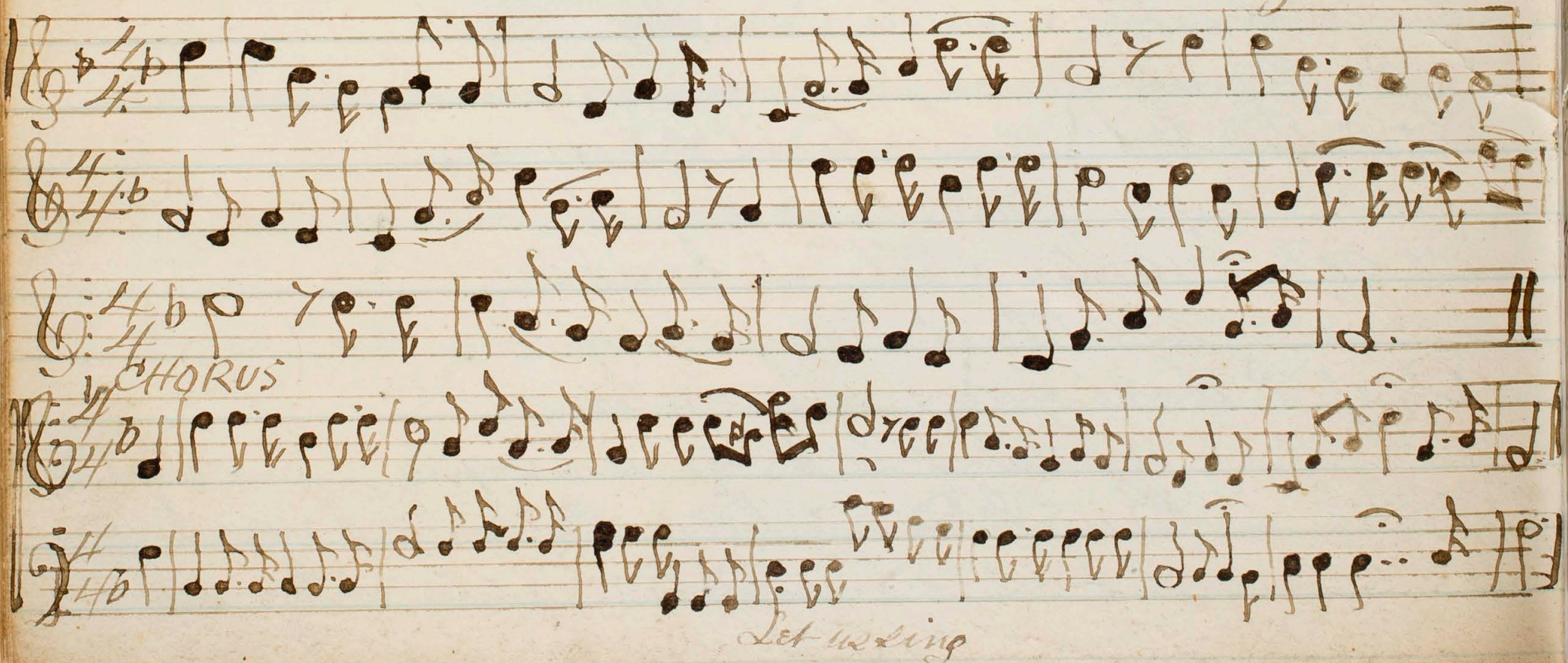
2 — Hope and fear alike perplex me;
 Oh! Superstitious dread;
 How many idle fancies you conjure in
 When those we love are absent, [my hear.
 How wantonly you play,
 Every shadow seems a Substance,
 And drives suspense away.

CHORUS —

3 — How gladly I remember,
 'Tis two short months' no more,
 Since a letter in the Candle, shown out
 Then the darling Messenger [as bright before,
 Came prompt and safe to me,
 If this is only from the same,
 How welcome it shall be.

CHORUS —

When You^d I were Young. —



CHORUS

Let us sing

49
1. I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung.
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie.
Since you and I were young.
Chorus.

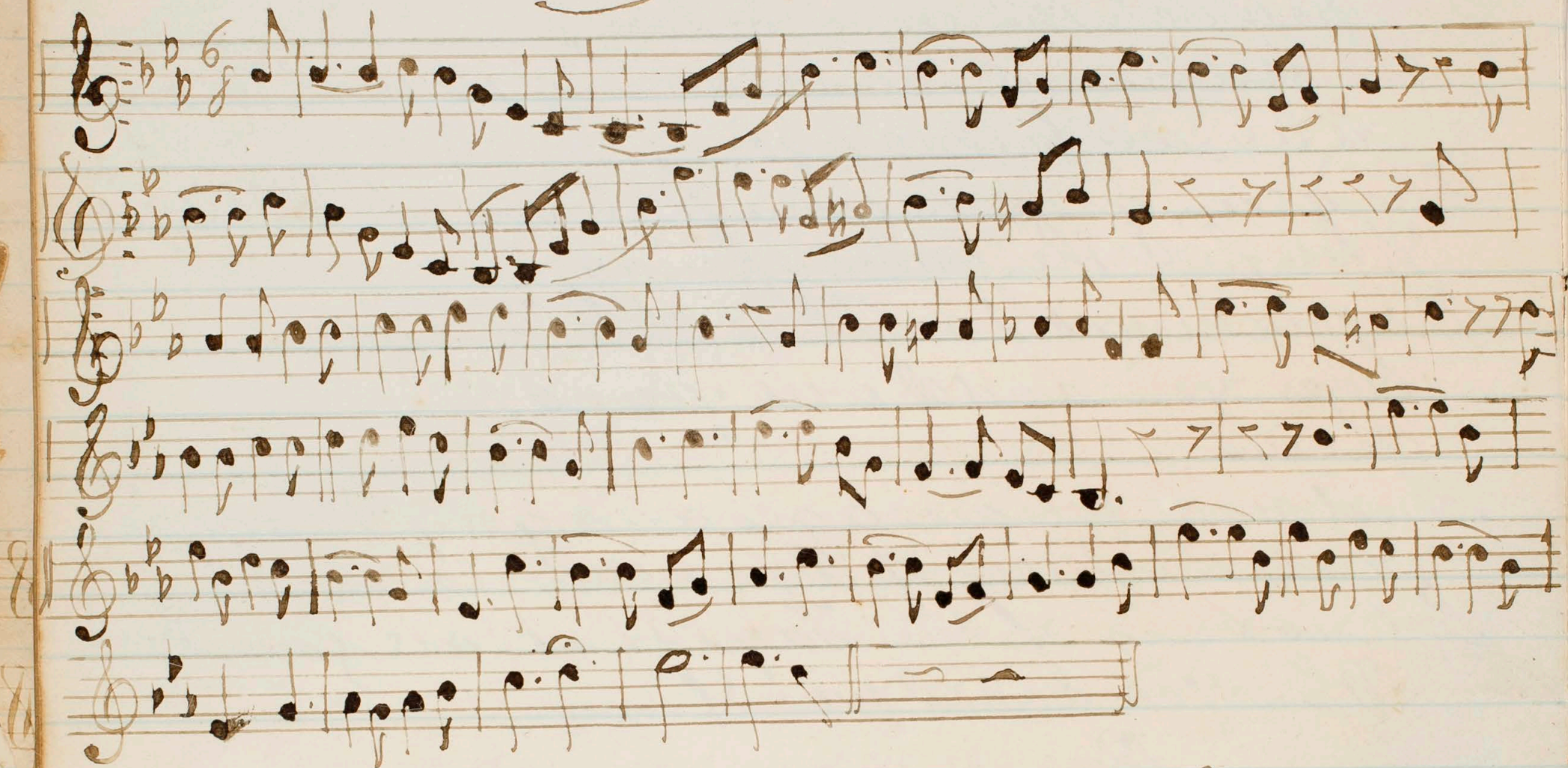
And now we are aged and grey, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

2

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest.
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young. Chorus

3 They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and grey, Maggie,
As rays by the white breakers sprung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Nancy Lee

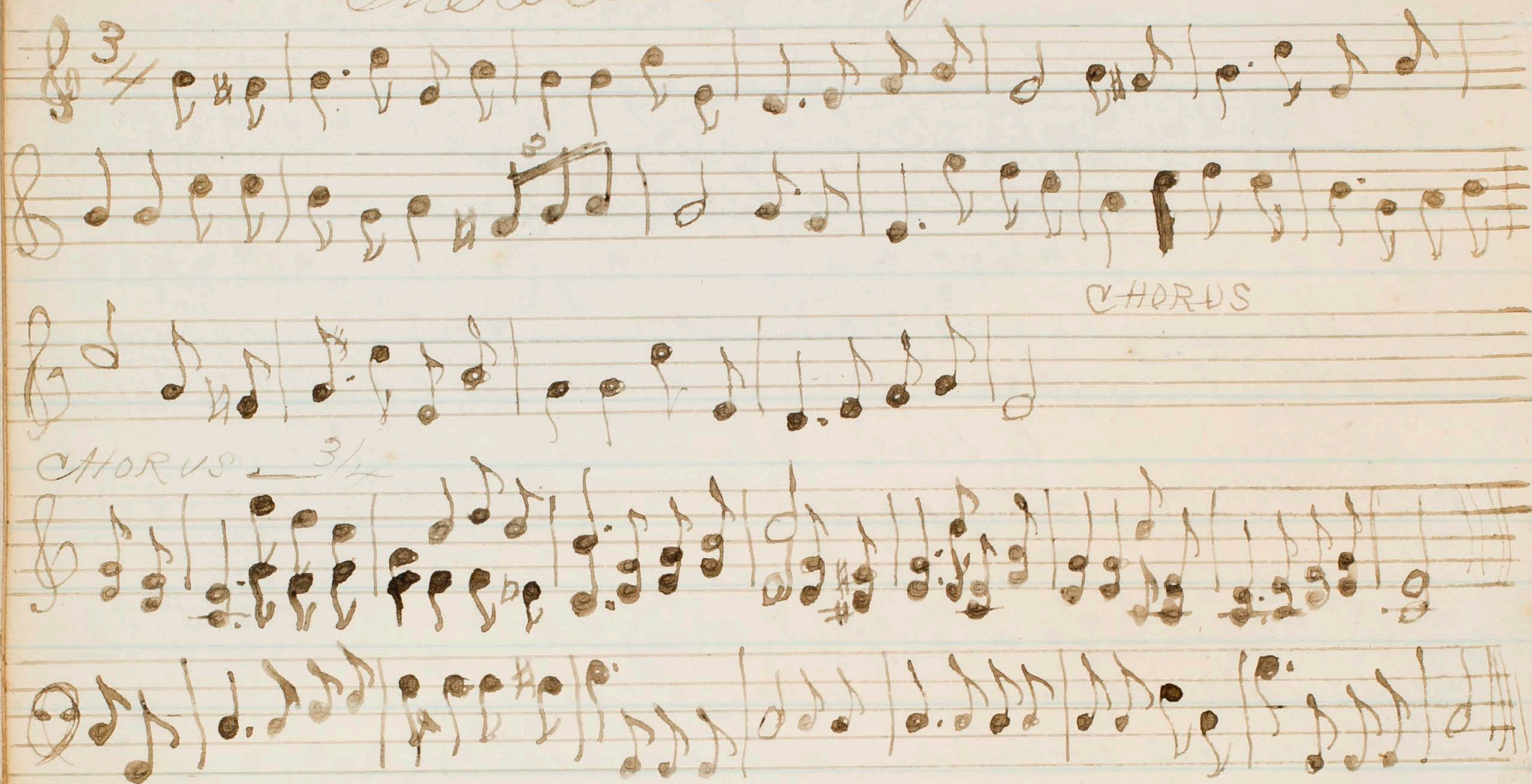


Of all the wifes as ier you know
 Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!
 There's none like Nancy Lee I trow
 Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho!
 See there she stands an' waves her hands
 An' ev'ry day when I'm away upon the Quay
 She'll watch for me
 An' whisper low, when tempest blow, for Jack at
 Yeo ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! sea.
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall
 Yeo ho, we go across the sea
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be
 The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be!

The harbour pasted the breezes blow,
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
Tis long ere we come back, I know,
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
But true an' bright from morn till night my home,
An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack ^{will be} at sea
An' fancy face to bless the place an' welcome me
Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo ho we go across the sea,
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

The tra'en pipes the watch below
Yeo ho lads! ho yeo ho yeo ho!
Then here's to health afore we go
Yeo ho lads! ho yeo ho.
A long long life to my sweet wife an' mates,
An' keep our bones from Davy Jones where ^{at sea} we be,
An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nancy
Yeo ho lads! ho yeo ho!
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be
Yeo ho we go across the sea
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be
The sailor's wife his star shall be

The Little Major



At suspect the "little Major"
 Dropped his drum that battle day,
 On the grass all stained with crimson,
 Through that battle night he lay,
 Crying, "Oh! For love of Jesus
 Grant me but this little boon
 Can you friend refuse me water,
 Can you when I die so soon?"

Chorus

Crying, Oh! for love of Jesus
 Grant me but this little boon
 Can you friend refuse me water,
 Can you when I die so soon?"

2

There are none to hear or help him,
All his friends were early fled
Saved, the forms outstretched around him
Of the dying and the dead.
Hushed they come! There falls a footstep!
How it makes his heart rejoice!
They will help, or they will save him,
When they hear his fainting voice,
Chorus

3

Now the lights are flashing round him,
And he hears a loyal word,
Strangers they whose lips pronounce it
Yet he trusts their voice is heard
It is heard, Oh God forgive them!
They refuse his dying prayer,
Nothing but a wounded drummer,
So they say and leave him there.

